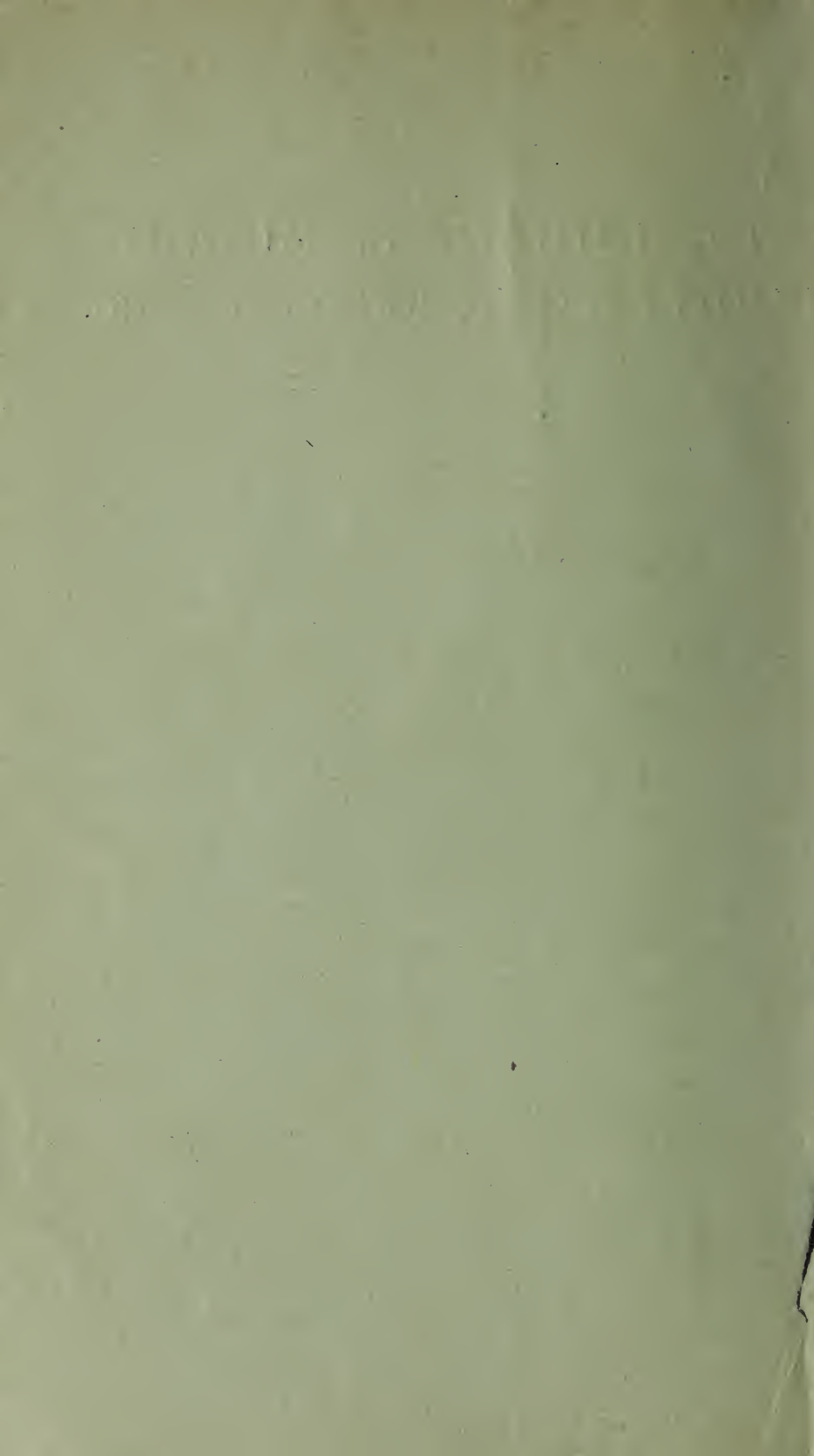


The INDIANS of HURON
COUNTY, Ohio, 100 years ago.

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THE INDIANS OF HURON COUNTY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

When General Wayne made his treaty with the several Indian Nations at Greenville, Ohio, August 3, 1795, they ceded to the United States what now makes about two-thirds of Ohio, but that part of the Western Reserve west of the Cuyahoga and Tuscarawas rivers, a part of which country even before that date set apart by the Connecticut legislature as "Sufferers' Lands," was not included or treated for with the Indian owners then.

As my article more especially relates to said "Fire Lands," I can only say that one hundred years ago the Indians were the rightful owners and occupants of this region along the south shore of Lake Erie of which Huron and Erie counties are a part.

Theodore Dwight, a Connecticut historian of 1841, says, that Connecticut's policy toward the Indians from colonial days was always a peaceable one. "The Connecticut people bought the land of the Indians at such prices as prevented any dissatisfaction among the natives. At the same time, they allowed them the right of hunting and fishing on the ground they had sold, to cut wood on it, and that for more than a century." This, of course, refers to the state of Connecticut lands.

July 4, 1805, at Fort Industry, near the present city of Toledo, by another treaty with seven tribes of Indians, viz.: Wyandots, Ottawas, Chippewas, Munsees, Delawares, Shawnees and Potawatomes, the United States obtained a cession of two and one-half million acres, more or less, which embraced the "Fire Lands."

From "Part 2, Eighteenth Report Bureau of Ethnology Indian Land Cessions in the United States," the boundaries are given very plainly. At a point 120 miles west of the Pennsylvania state line along the south shore of Lake Erie. a north-south line was to be established by the surveyors, called a meridian line. This was on Sandusky Bay, thence southward to the vicinity of the present city of Mt. Gilead, Ohio, where

it intersected the Greenville treaty line of 1795, thence eastward along that line to the Tuscarawas river and north to place of beginning, the mouth of Cuyahoga river. A tract in general terms sixty miles north and south by sixty-five east and west. The cost of it could not have been far from one cent per acre. This was all a part of what Connecticut called its Western Reserve, and out of the northwestern corner the state immediately proceeded to survey off the half million acres called in 1792 the "Sufferers' Lands." As most of the sufferers from the war in that state had been made such by being burned out, it more generally took the easy name of "Fire Lands."

Ohio was admitted into the Union February 19, 1803. Some portions of it had been settled fifteen years then, but this portion had no regular white settlers unless traders and missionaries among the Indians. For the surveyors of 1807-9 found only John Flammond, a French Indian trader, at the mouth of the Huron with plenty of Indians up and down that river. It is true that early white settlers followed the surveyors, as is attested by some pioneer narratives in our Firelands Society's publications.

The first authentic account that we have as far as I know of this section of Ohio around the Huron and Sandusky rivers by an English writer, is dated 1756, James Smith, aged nineteen, a native of western Pennsylvania, who was captured May, 1755, by Delawares and brought to this locality a year later. He was adopted into an Indian family of Wyandot or Ottawa extraction. For several months prior to coming to the Indian village near Sandusky Bay he hunted with his adopted Indian brother, Ton-til-can-go, and others up and down the Black river, Lorain county, killing deer, bear, etc., and in February and March, 1756, making maple sugar. At Sandusky they traded their furs off to a French Indian trader for a new supply of clothes, paint, tobacco, brass kettles, etc.

James Smith's narrative is very interesting. He was a captive at the time of Braddock's defeat. He speaks of customs and ways in vogue then here among the Wyandots, Ottawas and other Indian bands from Cleveland to Detroit—that his four years' captivity gave him good opportunity to observe.

His diary, in an abridged form, may be found in Howe's Historical Collections of Ohio, page 580 of Part 2. The edition printed is in 1896 by the Laning Printing Company, of Norwalk.

23e15 Lewis
S. A. Wildman, Esq., of Norwalk, March 20, 1878, in an address before the Firelands Society at Centerton, Huron county, reviewing the "Aboriginal Life on the Firelands," tells us, "that while in numbers the Indians were not so numerous here as elsewhere in Ohio, yet in tribes they were numerously represented," and speaks of Delawares, Ottawas, Chippewas, Miamis, Potawatomes, Shawnees, Wyandots, Senecas and others. When the fierce tribe of Eries was killed off by the Five Nations many years before our Revolution, the remnant was willing and allowed other Indian tribes like many of the above mentioned to come into this Ohio country south of Lake Erie. They came from many directions, and recognizing the fact that they were not the original owners of the country, they dwelt in a great measure on peaceable terms with each other, and most all of them made a common cause in the days of the Revolution against the thirteen colonies and against white settlements west of the Alleghany Mountains or in the Ohio territory.

By years of war, ending with Gen. Wayne, this enmity against the Americans was whipped out of the Indians, so that from 1795 the Delawares, Wyandots and others kept good faith with the Americans until the British War of 1812, when some tribes divided and went each way, while others of our section kept out of the fuss altogether.

11110 Unknown
So it came about as the Connecticut emigrants, now owners of the Firelands, moved into the country, they did not organize to drive the Indians out of the country but they allowed them to dwell here as of old. They hunted and fished along the banks of the Vermillion and Huron. Along the course of the Huron, they loved to dwell. Several miles from the lake, where Milan now is situated, the Delawares, Ottawas and Wyandots seem to have mingled and had a village of a thousand at one time not long before the War of 1812.

Further down, the Moravian Indians had been located in 1787 and quite good log houses yet stood in 1809 that white

settlers used when they moved there, while wigwams and temporary camps all along the upper course of the Huron made that river well known to Indian tribes of far away places. Here on the Huron tarried the warriors of the Sacs, Kickapoos and Potawatomes, when they went on their annual trips from the Mississippi to Malden, Canada, to receive the presents of the British officers and to trade their furs and other barter to British traders for other barter in return. Here in a village on the Huron river about 1805 was born Quenemo, his parents, a Sac warrior and Ottawa squaw, and he remained here long enough to witness a public execution of two Indians at Norwalk, July 1, 1819.

From these circumstances of no one Indian tribe claiming to own the hunting grounds in Ohio, I am not surprised to find that agents of the United States were very careful in dealing with the Indians in council, to make presents to representatives of every tribe present, and later to ask their head men present to sign the cession of land agreement. An example of this may be found in the history of Fort Harmar on the Muskingum opposite Marietta, Ohio, where in 1786 a treaty was made with the Wyandots, Delawares, Ottawas, Chippewas, Potawatomes and Sacs. Here we see a tribe whose home was on the Mississippi river, "*The Sacs*," and who had no interest in Ohio, signing a paper that because of the small number of Indian tribes' names on it, was broken at once.

Mr. Williams, in his "History of Indians of Huron and Erie Counties," in 1878, says:

"The Wyandots dwelt mostly on Sandusky river. Divers tribes were sojourners all along Lake Erie. They hunted and fished, made maple sugar and picked blackberries all over every township of the Firelands to the time the white settlers came in, but except Pequotting, on the Milan site, they had no village in either Huron or Erie counties at that time."

Seneca John and the Seneca Indians ranged the southwest part of the county long after settlers got to be numerous. The French called the Wyandots, Hurons in history. They were called that up to the French and English war, and so it came

about as the Wyandots were on the river, the French traders called it after them, the Huron river.

Philo Comestock, in the June, 1868. Pioneer, says that "his father arrived in 1809 at the mouth of Huron river from Connecticut." At this time there were a number of Indian settlements along the river, the Indians being attracted there by the great fertility of the river flats upon which they raised great quantities of corn. The largest of these settlements was where Milan now stands containing about one thousand inhabitants, called at that time Pe-quat-ting. Some years before, about 1804, a Moravian missionary by the name of Christian Frederick Durkee had settled amongst them. A small log mission house had been built there. The Indians being friendly had offered the use of the mission house to my father until he could erect one of his own, which offer he accepted. He now selected a spot towards Norwalk on the bank near a spring, cut his logs and laid up his house. Speaking further of what white help he had then at the raising in 1809, F. W. Fowler, of Milan, was the only one left in 1868. Mr. Fowler, above mentioned, was the author of several pages of pioneer life found in the *Pioneers of 1858-60*. He tells how he came to the vicinity of Milan, April 10, 1810, and that some of the white settlers that had preceded him lived in the log cabins of the old Moravian Indian Mission near Avery on the Huron river, a couple of miles below Milan. There seemed to be no trouble then from the Indians living around in this manner. They understood well enough that the whites had full rights there, and in cases of depredations or violence it was generally traced to the whiskey sold by greedy traders or to the inexperience and thoughtlessness of young bucks anxious to do some deed of daring that would make them warriors—so for this reason the early white settlers lived here on the Firelands in a great degree of uneasiness prior to the War of 1812.

The Chicago massacre occurred August 15, 1812. Several posts of the United States fell in the West at the same time. The work of the Indians, bribed by the British, was to attack them unexpectedly. Prisoners were, when not killed on the spot, redeemed from the Indians by the British officers at De-

troit. So that through their runners the various divisions of Indian tribes on the Huron and Sandusky rivers knew of these affairs long before the whites, but only a portion of them took any part. That portion had to go to Malden, in Canada, to be armed and organized under chiefs.

General Hull surrendered Detroit August 15, 1812, the same date as the Chicago massacre, and very soon after some of the paroled prisoners were landed on the Peninsula in the vicinity of Sandusky, and from their dress at a distance were mistaken for the British. This gave a big scare to all the Firelands settlers, causing many of them to leave for the more settled portions of Ohio. But I do not learn from any history that the Indians came in any considerable force to perpetrate atrocities on the settlers here.

At the commencement of the war they vacated this section, and when in 1814 the war ceased in the West they returned again to their old haunts along the Huron river, but not in as great numbers as before.

A military company was formed on the Firelands in 1811 and made the Huron river a sort of a boundary on the west beyond which no white settlers were living then, and the Indians not expected to go beyond.

General Wm. H. Harrison's victory over the Indians, November 7, 1811, at Tippecanoe, and general oversight over all this northwestern Ohio, in 1812, with further victories over the Indians on our frontier, of course drove the hostile Indians away from our borders.

Commodore Perry's Lake Erie victory, September 10, 1813, and the fall of the British at Detroit, closed approach by water of either Indians or the British, so that the settlers already living on the Firelands went on with their forest improvements, but always had their rifles at hand and an alert eye for roaming Indians. With the exception of a number of small forts, block houses and little mile and five mile square reservations that Gen. Wayne in his treaty of 1795 had reserved for the use of United States garrisons in this tract of the northwestern one-third of Ohio, from the Sandusky to the Miami of Lake Erie, later called the Maumee, and westward to the In-

diana line, the whole country belonged to the several Indian tribes, as it were in common, until a treaty made in September 29, 1817, on the Miami. Seven tribes signed this cession of land to the United States, but in doing so a large number of small reservations were kept back for the use of the various bands of the Indians. For instance, the Senecas kept a reservation near what is now Tiffin of thirty thousand acres, the next year increased to forty thousand acres. This was on the east side of the Sandusky river not twenty miles west of Norwalk, the nearest Indian reservation to us. This continued to be the Seneca Indian's home in this part of Ohio until February 28, 1831, when at Washington, D. C., was concluded another treaty with them and this time they were removed to the vicinity of what is now southeast Kansas. We have in the Kansas Historical Society's vaults some of Agent Henry C. Brish's records, who had partial charge in 1831-34, emigrating the Senecas from this place and Delawares from neighboring places of the Firelands to west of the Mississippi. In Book 27 I find an account as follows:

1831, August 1, the U. S. in account with Henry Brish, Agent, for emigrating the Senecas of Sandusky, Ohio, Dr. \$28,-574.70. Cr. \$28,399.80.

October 14, 1831, paid E. Dresback and Carey for vaccinating the tribe, \$200.

October 15, paid for three horses and saddles for three Seneca Chiefs, who would not go by water to St. Louis, \$115.

October 16, paid E. Dresback a claim against Hard Hickory and Capt. Good Hunter, Seneca Chiefs, from which they were in custody, \$110.

Shoeing twenty-five horses, \$25.

Services of wagons and horses for collecting and transporting Seneca Indians to Dayton, Ohio—twenty-six parties receive a total of some eighteen or twenty hundred dollars, all itemized (too lengthy to put here), \$2,000.

I think there were four hundred in this batch, but I lose sight of them in the records only that several months later they

are finally landed at their Indian Territory reservation. The canals, Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri river boats, all were utilized.

Another page of these old 1831-34 Indian Agents' reports tells how Augustine Kennedy, acting sub-agent of the Senecas at Sandusky, gives out presents, of which there were eight kinds, including the name of the Indian, and general remarks:

Small Cloud, Spicer, Wip-ing-stick and Seneca John, three Seneca Chiefs, and Cornstalk, another important personage, each get six yards of calico, six yards domestic, one piece of ribbon, two ostrich feathers, a half of a pack each of hawk bells and eighteen finger rings each.

Seneca Steel, Good Hunter, Tall Chief and Hard Hickory do not get the six yards of calico each but get two pairs of cassenets or leggings and some cotton shawls and the same things that the others did, the eighteen rings each being in demand.

These are called the Cayuga Chiefs and their families, in the column of remarks. George Herron, interpreter for the Senecas, late of Sandusky, only gets nine yards of domestic.

A long list follows of principal and influential men and their families of the Seneca language, late of Sandusky, who are only treated to the nine yards each of domestic. George Curley Eye, John Sky, Wyandot John, Capt. Smith, Nimble Jim, Capt. Bowles, Paulus Brant, and many others I will not name further.

Now, some of these Senecas used to be very well known on the Firelands and had good table manners; sometimes they would do a little work. I notice that one item in the bill of expenses for transferring them is eight dollars for a coffin at St. Louis for a dead Indian who died on the boat April 19, 1832.

What a busy place Gen. Wm. Clark's St. Louis Indian Agency was in those days, 1826 to 1831. The diary kept by his secretary for the agency is also in the Kansas Historical Society, Book 31. I make a few extracts from one, 1827, describing arrivals and departures of Indians:

June 12. Six Shawnees from Kas-kas-kia emigrating.
June 13. Ten Weas and Miamis, emigrants from Wabash.
June 13. Departed the six Shawnees, arrive three Weas.
June 14. Pe-nis-bia and party of eight Kickapoos arrive;
two depart.

June 15. Thirteen Weas and Miamis depart.

June 16. Ten Kickapoos depart.

June 14. Eleven Delawares arrive. Eleven Delawares depart.

June 18. Twelve Iowas arrive.

June 25. Eight Sacs and Foxes arrive.

August 6th and 7th. Shawnees emigrating from Ohio arrive, total 213; four Senecas here.

May 8, 1828. Eighty-seven Kickapoos arrive from Osage river.

May 12. Eight Fox Indians arrive, Rock river.

May 17. The Kickapoo Prophet arrived with twenty of his people.

June 12. Fifty-two Delawares arrive.

June 14. Thirty-seven Iowas arrive.

June 23. Thirty-four Kickapoos arrive.

June 24. Fifty Fox Indians arrive.

June 28. Forty-three Delawares depart, also Sacs and Foxes.

July 20. Seventy-five Sacs arrive.

July 26. Eighty-two Sacs depart.

July 27. Twenty-three Foxes arrive.

June 28. Pinkenshaws depart.

August 1. The Foxes, thirteen in number, with Morgan, depart for Washington.

And so on through three or four years. Gen. Clark evidently issued rations and kept a sort of caravansary. Hardly had a tribe of Indians got located in their new homes before some of them wanted to go back to visit their old hunting grounds. In many cases delegations were westward bound to hunt new reservations. For many years St. Louis was a general superintendency over all the great West and Kansas, from

1826 to 1846, a general dumping ground for all the emigrant tribes. Those of our northern Ohio people interested in making Kansas a free state, that came to Kansas in the 50's before any of the tribes were removed on down to the Indian Territory oftentimes found acquaintances among the Delawares, Wyandots, Ottawas, Kickapoos, Miamis and other tribes located within fifty miles of Lawrence. The Journeycakes, who used to live in Ashland County within a few miles of Huron county, on the Vermillion and knew the Firelands better than we did, were located in Leavenworth county and were there yet in 1867 when I bought a ticket to Journeycake Station on the Union Pacific Railway. I taught my first school in Kansas in the Delaware trader's store at Journeycake, now called Linwood. The year after they removed to the Cherokee country south of Kansas. At that time there were many adults in middle age from Ohio and Indiana.

I have a copy of a pay roll of the Delawares in Kansas for 1863 embracing 404 family heads and 1101 souls. There were other Delawares living in the Indian Territory then and a good many as volunteers in the Union army, though I think my roll embraced the latter. The roll gives the Journeycake family census as twenty souls. The Jim Ketchum family 51, the Beaver family 28, Black Beaver having been Fremont's guide and suffered great losses by the Civil War in the Indian Territory; the Armstrong family 17. I stayed with them and recently I visited the Delawares in the Indian Territory, stopping all night with Simon Secondine. He told me of Lewis Ketchum being alive yet, born back in Ohio or Indiana, but I was unable to see him. He was eighty or ninety years old and a brother of Rev. James Ketchum, the noted Delaware Methodist preacher, born 1819, there in Ohio or Indiana.

There are many incidents on record and many that are only traditions of our pioneer settlers' experiences in the various townships of the Firelands with these several bands of Indians. Orlando S. Starr, grandson of Smith Starr, of Clarksfield, relates how his grandfather moved into Clarksfield in the fall of 1817 from Connecticut. At the last end of the journey their team consisted of a cow and a horse. The journey made and

the new home to be built, the cow was turned out to seek her living in the woods, but soon came up missing. Persevering search revealed nothing of her, but a friendly Indian to the Clarksfield settlers came to Smith Starr's help. A long twelve or fifteen mile walk to the Indian village at Milan, which I do not think after the War of 1812 was called "Pe-quat-ting," guided by the friendly Indian, revealed her whereabouts. As they drew near they heard the familiar tones of the cow's bell. But it was ringing violently, and upon creeping near, unobserved, they saw a lot of the Indian youths racing after one who had the bell on, around the village. "There is your cow," said his guide. It was killed and eaten by the Indians of that village. There was no easy way to prove which Indians or how to recover the payment, so Mr. Starr went home wiser if poorer. The settlers suffered much that way by loss of cows and horses, though the latter could be recovered. Anything wandering far away from the cabin was likely to be stolen by hungry Indians.

Grandma Caruthers died here in Osage county, Kansas, July 1, 1900, aged ninety-eight. I knew her well, and along at the age of about ninety or ninety-two she had a wonderful memory about her childhood days. Born in 1802 in Pennsylvania, her parents moved on to the Western Reserve, Ohio, when she was little. She remembers distinctly how lazy Indians would watch around until the men folks went off, then they would come into the house and go to the provision cupboard and grab all the eatables, not paying any attention to the women and children. Sometimes the men would catch the Indians and give them a good kicking in return. No murder or shooting was ever done. I think that the Delawares were the free looters in this case, but the whites on the Reserve, she said, looked at all the Indians as being lazy and addicted to pilfering habits. When one like Journeycake, Seneca John, or other of the chiefs came about, then the whites could see that there were good Indians there as well as bad ones. This girl mentioned above, whose maiden name was Nancy Agnes Stiffler, married Joseph Shattuck and moved to Illinois, near Nauvoo, where the Mormons made so much trouble in 1840-46, which troubles these folks

took a hand in against the Mormons. Later in life Mr. Shattuck died and the widow married Noble Caruthers and they moved to Kansas in 1858 in time to take part in the Border Ruffian war and Civil War. She has left some descendants here to ponder over their great-grandmother's century life of pioneer trials, and while she may never have met my old Indian brave of the Sac tribe, Quenemo, to know him, yet they had lives in common. The latter, born of Indian parents at Milan with a life of adventure, camped here near us in the 70's and talked with Orlando Starr, another of our Osage county settlers, about his early life along the Huron river, and said he was a part of the old Seneca tribe around Milan, and when shown a map of that section, seemed to recognize the rivers and lake, and though more than a half century had elapsed, reverted feelingly to his early hunting grounds.

Rev. L. B. Gurley, June 11, 1862, at Norwalk, delivered an address "Fifty Years Ago and Now." This article, so valuable and yet so out of print, would make now-a-days interesting newspaper reading. It is full of Indian and Mission history of the previous one hundred years. Found on page 9 of Vol. 4 of the Pioneers, Mr. Gurley dwells very much on the Wyandot tribe of Indians, whose reservation at Upper Sandusky was not more than twenty miles away, and who hunted much in southwestern Huron county on the head waters of the Huron. These Indians, by the French called Hurons, seemed to be the oldest residents when the Firelands was settled and remained there much the longest of any of the Indian bands. They lived on the Sandusky river and had a reservation here of 109,144 acres, while a smaller band of Wyandots lived on the Huron river of Michigan, ceded at the same time, 4,996 acres. These Wyandots of Ohio by the time that they left in 1843 were well civilized and many of them had become Christians both in the Methodist and Baptist denominations and there were quite good farmers among them. William Walker was the first governor of the Nebraska Territory in 1853-54 and well known among the Wyandots at Upper Sandusky. Living near them in Leavenworth county, Kansas, several years (1867-74), I met

them, stayed with them and liked them well, and many of their descendants may be found there today.

As I am getting ahead of my story in following the Senecas and Hurons or Wyandots to Kansas in the 30's and 40's, I will go back again to the close of the Revolution. The treaty at Greenville, Ohio, August 3, 1795, by Gen. Anthony Wayne embraced among other two-thirds of Ohio. The other third continued to be Indian territory many years and as has been noted in 1805 by another treaty the western part of the Connecticut Western Reserve was gained, so that not until September 29, 1817, was the Indian ownership purchased by the United States of them for the other third of Ohio. This did not remove any tribes but it limited them to reservations. By close study of the Indian map of Ohio for that date, I count no less than sixteen such small reservations that were reserved in 1817, most of them for their use until 1831. The Wyandot bands had five, four of which they occupied; the Ottawa bands six small reservations, Delawares one, Shawnee three and Senecas one, so that our part of Ohio was a veritable Indian territory up to the 30's.

Our first United States Indian commissioner, as far as I have read, was Rev. Jedediah Morse, of New Haven, Conn., who, by the request of the secretary of the war, traveled around among the Indian tribes during 1820-22 and published his report the latter year. On page 16 he speaks of the Wyandots and Ottawas living along the Huron river of Lake Erie and of their reservations ten or twelve miles from its mouth of five thousand acres where a celebrated Wyandot chief, Walk-in-the-water, died in 1818.

Mr. Morse did not visit each tribe but met delegates at some central points like Detroit and got things a little mixed, for in 1820 the above information fitted the Sandusky river instead of the Huron. He located 2,407 Indians of six tribes in this part of Ohio in some twelve or fifteen places. This book is one of great interest and one from which many of our writers have drawn Indian statistics. I am fortunate in having through the kindness of our Kansas Historical Society a copy, formerly a part of the Yale College library, New Haven, Conn., where

the book was published. I will further add that Rev. Morse placed the total of all the Indians in the United States at 471,136 souls in 1820; the Wyandot Upper Sandusky reservation, forty-four miles south of Sandusky Bay, 364 souls; the Delaware band close by them, 80 souls; the Seneca town, down Sandusky river, who left in 1832, 348 souls; four bands of Ottawas in Ohio, 377 souls, while in Michigan there were then 2,873 Ottawas. The Ohio band of Ottawas after they moved west lived for more than thirty years here near me in what is now Franklin county, Kansas, the county seat being named Ottawa, after them.

A fellow student chum at the Milan Normal School, by name of John Hoak, who resides there yet in Berlin, showed me in the 60's in his father's (Henry Hoak's) backyard premises, a large apple tree, with a long body like a pear tree, the like of which I never saw before or since, evidently growing fifty years before Johnny Appleseed's time. Mr. Hoak said it was a large tree when he moved there as one of the pioneers from Cayuga county, N. Y., in 1831, and bought the land at twelve shillings per acre, and built near this tree. I don't remember but what there might have been others when he settled there, but this was a favorite place in those early days for the Indians to gather and get drinks of liquor from a stranger, who was sure he could reach around the tree. I am a long armed man, but my hands lacked a foot of touching when I tried it, and I am not sure but what Nate and John Hoak laughed at my failure as much as the Indians did in their day. When I was there last at the old Hoak homestead in 1902, Mrs. Henry Hoak, aged eighty-two, lived on it yet, and I know of no better place to get pioneer history than through Milan and Berlin.

My father, Elias Green, a boy of thirteen, came to the vicinity of Milan with his parents, Charles and Electa Perrin Green, in 1833, after the Indians had left, but before many incidents connected with them had been forgotten by the early settlers. One story father told once that I remember now, was about some whites stealing a box of specie out of a load at Sandusky bound for some one of the Indian reservations to pay annuities with, which by treaty agreement was always paid in

gold or silver coin. The boxes, of convenient size, about all a man wanted to do to lift, were made uniformly and sealed after the covers were screwed down. United States soldiers guarded the loads night and day while in transit to their destination. I do not know as any were ever shipped by water from the mint that was used to pay off the Indians with. The robber prepared a similar looking box, filled it with lead, and with the help of a confederate, the guard's attention was called away, possibly to get a drink of whiskey, long enough for him to make the swap and hide his booty. As the right number of boxes were there, the loss was not detected and the robber got away with it, nor was it ever found—a loss to the United States.

There is one thing I never noticed nor have I heard of others finding there on the Firelands Indian graves of modern days. There may have been a burial ground on the Huron but the Sandusky and other localities seemed to be more chosen spots for their graveyards.

Wakeman pioneers tell how along the east bank of the Vermillion, where sugar maples abounded, the Seneca Indians came and made sugar. When through, they stored their bark vessels in a bark hut, stood a stick up leaning against the outside of the door—"not at home, please recognize my rights," which was respected by Indians and whites alike in those times. But finally they came back no more. Two years passed away. The third year the whites entered into possession. The Indians never came any more.

Hon. John Laylin, of Norwalk (1862), relates in Vol. 3, page 85 of the Pioneer, that when living in Bronson in 1819 an incident of how, when himself and wife were off spending the evening at Joseph Crawford's, how some fifteen or twenty Indians had gone into the house and taken peaceable possession, but by midnight had got gloriously drunk on some whisky that they had with them. The squaws had taken possession of their fire arms and knives and retreated to the out doors. When Mr. and Mrs. Laylin returned they did not attempt to go in, but on the squaws' advice returned to their neighbors and stayed all night. When they came back the next morning the Indians humbly asked their pardon for their caper. As every-

thing seemed to be all right, safe and sound, they gladly overlooked the novel house warming. As this was the ground the Wyandots hunted over, not twenty miles from their Upper Sandusky reservation, where they lived until 1843, as mentioned elsewhere, I presume it was them.

The generation of Indians born there in Ohio has about passed away. It is only a few who attain the age of eighty and ninety years of age. I have in the last two years had correspondence with Andrew Blackbird, of Harbor Springs, Mich., an Ottawa of a high education, obtained by self-exertions, mostly in the 50's. He is now about ninety years of age. He has been interpreter for the Indians many years of his life, and in more recent years postmaster of Harbor Springs. He was born in that part of Michigan and has written a pamphlet book about the Ottawa Indians and their traditions. I have the book but find that he says very little about the Ottawa bands who used to live in Ohio and that removed to Kansas in 1833. In the book he relates how in the 40's Rev. Alvin Coe, the Indian missionary, known and related to people of that name in our township of Wakeman on the Firelands, invited him to come down to Ohio to get his education, and he finally did come and spent five years at Twinsburg, Summit county. Learning the blacksmith's trade, he was able to support himself. If he is alive yet, the Huron county people who go up there would enjoy looking him up and seeing what civilization has done for a poor Indian in his case.

We have several names of places and rivers in the West named from Indians who came from our vicinity of Ohio, Delaware, Ottawa, Lenape, Journeycake, Fall Leaf, Quenemo, etc. The town of Quenemo, for the old Sac Indian born on the Huron, was so named about 1870, before the tribe left this reserve, though Quenemo stayed here some years after that. There is a long tradition about Quenemo. I tried to get it but failed. Mr. George Logan says that he understands it, and I herewith present something that I printed twelve years ago:

"The town of Quenemo, founded before the tribe left, near their Mission schools, took its name from this chieftain, and the beautiful Indian legend of Quenemo lends romance to the

name, the only town of this name in existence. The late Dr. E. B. Fenn, of Lyndon, who directly after the war occupied the office of government surgeon and physician of the Sac and Fox Indians at Quenemo, defined the name as well as it could be done in a few words as 'something hoped for;' an appeal, as 'Oh my God!'

"George Logan, Esq., of Quenemo, who has been identified thirty or forty years with the Sac and Fox history, says the legend of Quenemo would fill many pages—that he knows it. Would that we had a Longfellow to translate it to us in the beauty of 'Hiawatha.' Mrs. Ida Ferris, of Osage City, in her historical sketches of March, 1892, gives this short version of the legend as understood by her after interviewing Mr. Logan:

" 'When an Indian commences his speech to tell a tradition, the beginning of which is farther back than he has any idea about, he always begins, 'before time was.' So the Indian tradition of Quenemo, as handed down from generation to generation and told by themselves, reads as follows:

" 'Before time was, we made a treaty with our enemies, that we were not to kill our women prisoners. We had a battle with the North Indians. They captured seven of our women and carried them North. When winter came on and the campaign was abandoned they turned our women loose to find their way homeward as best they could.

" 'They were snowed under in the pine forests of Wisconsin. One by one they died, the living ones eating the flesh of their dead sisters until six had died. The seventh one gave birth to this male child, and in her lost condition, in her terrible extremity, with her dead sisters' bones lying around her, in her anguish and trial she exclaimed: 'Que-ne-me,' or, 'Oh, my God!' She lived on the flesh of her dead sisters, and recovering in spring she made her way home to the tribe.

" 'The warriors held a great council of seven days—one day for each one of the dead and one for the living one and her child—and made him the chieftain of his band and made a covenant with his mother that as long as time should last the title should remain in her family, and that the oldest son of each

family following should be called Que-ne-mo. So there has never been but one Que-ne-mo at any one time.' ”

Having made considerable effort of late years to unravel this Indian history, I will give a little sketch of his and other Sac history. The name of the tribe from Hennepin's time down has been commonly known as Sauk. Our busy world dubbed it *Sac* only in the last half century. The tribe at the time of Columbus' discovery dwelt near Montreal, Canada, but were driven back up the Lakes, where they confederated with the Foxes. They have been fierce warriors and thought nothing of ranging five hundred miles from their villages one hundred years ago to hunt. They were the friend of the British and made annual trips from their home on the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers to Malden, Canada, to receive presents from British officers.

That was one of the things that induced Black Hawk and the Prophet, with five hundred followers, to go to war with the Illinois settlers of 1832. I don't think Quenemo had joined the band then. They had a broad, straight trail for fifty years leading from Rock Island straight away east across the prairies by the south end of Lake Michigan, and St. Mary's Mission across southern Michigan to Detroit and thence only fifty miles more or less to Malden. Sauk tarried among the Ottawas and Potawatomes. They chose their squaws from other tribes, and after such alliances often hunted, lived and went to war with confederate tribes. Quenemo had resided with many different bands in as many places: Ohio, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, two places in Kansas and Oklahoma that I know about. Born about 1803, he remained there around the Huron until 1819, from his own testimony. He died at the age of about seventy-five in about 1878 on Deer Creek, Sac and Fox reserve, Indian Territory. In these later years white settlers have plowed and farmed over the grave. I have been to the vicinity of the grave and talked with his associates who buried him and who told me of his gentle ways. Of his life in Kansas, I am indebted to our Clarksfield fellow townsman, Orlando S. Starr, who came here and settled in 1870. He said Quenemo used to work for him considerable after the tribe removed, along in the years

1870-74, hoeing crops, cutting up and husking corn. This kind of work he loved to do and would do it as well as any white man. It is very difficult for a Sac Indian to learn English, so that Starr's conversation with him was quite abridged at first, but having the Indian's confidence, he would by maps and signs and words often get quite interesting bits of history. One time Quenemo, from living in the bottoms, had the chills and ague. The doctor prescribed quinine and whisky which the Indian had not the money to buy. So he came to Starr and asked the loan of two and a half dollars. Starr gave him a five dollar bill to get changed. Quenemo had to go to Osage City, twelve or fifteen miles off, to get his whisky. On his return he gave Starr his right change and also an extra bottle of whisky to keep for him and the end of the transaction was satisfactory. He did his work so well that two or three of the neighbors always were glad to hire him. His was a life of poverty and little or no civilizing influences.

Living with his second wife in a bark and pole wigwam in the woods, she became very angry at him for some reason, and grabbing a butcher knife rushed at him to kill him, but he averted the blow and saved himself. There were little children by this wife and grown sons by another. As long as he stayed here he got no annuities, but as often as he journeyed to his tribe and enrolled he would get fifty or sixty dollars per year. There were about one hundred who stayed in Osage county, of Mo-ko-ho-ko's band for fifteen years. The Government removed them twice before the end, but they would soon return. Quenemo journeyed down there in his own way along 1874-76 and soon after died.

Henry Clay Jones, another Indian, one of the smartest and best posted of the tribe, said to me in 1903, that he heard Quenemo make a public speech once in regard to the significance of the color of the trimmings to a calumet: a "Pipe of Peace," that the Sacs and Osages were then passing around in a council that was going on. Mr. Jones said it was short, but the most effective oratory he ever heard, though of the wildest band of our Sac tribe. Warner Craig, an eastern man, one of the town company here, when told by his associates to choose

a name, said, as Quenemo just then opened the council room door and looked in, "I choose the name Quenemo, from my old Indian friend, Quenemo"—"*Something hoped for.*" He belonged successively to Hard Fishes and Mokohoko's band of the Sac Indians.

In Iowa they kept the furtherest away from white man's influences and instead of going with Keokuk and the rest of the Sauk and Fox tribes in 1846 to the Osage river in Kansas, they went with the Iowa Indians to the Great Nemahaw river in northern Kansas. In 1854 these Indians, many of them concluding to take farms, Mokohoko and his fellow chiefs and warriors joined their tribe on the Osage. Mokohoko was a smart, shrewd Indian. He had been to Washington and knew something about how to stand up against rascally whites. Toward the last years of the tribe's residence here, he had out of the confederate tribe, Sacs and Foxes, a majority. Albert Wiley, U. S. Indian Agent, an Ohio man from Ottawa, taking charge March, 1867, in his report to the Government, July 30, 1867, said:

"The wild band under Mokohoko is peaceable, docile and willing to assist in carrying out the wishes of the Government. He is a good man to his band which comprises more than half of the tribe. He says that he has not been recognized as *a man* and may have done some things not altogether right."

The tribe here numbered then only 715. Mokohoko would not sign the treaty of October 11, 1868, to give up the diminished reserve and leave for the Indian Territory. Although a majority of his people stood by him, crafty whites, and nearly all the other chiefs, seeing a chance to line their pockets with gold at the expense of the Indians, united in overwhelming Mokohoko and got it through Congress in Andrew Johnson's term, with his proclamation opening it for settlement.

I hope historians may never find the amount of rascality exercised by any individuals seventy-five years ago connected with dealings with the Ohio Indians as I have found here in the so-called, "Indian Ring," that rode rough-shod over the Indians in Kansas from 1853 until 1869, when Gen. Grant's administration placed the Quakers in charge. November 26,

1869, the Indians were gathered up and started off to the Indian Territory. Despite Mokohoko's protestations that he had not signed the cession and that it was his legal home, he was carried off. He returned at once and one hundred or more of his people with him. Many of the half breeds had taken claims and did not have to move. In 1876 the Government carried them all down there again, but they returned and lived here until the fall of 1886. Fifteen years from the cession, Mokohoko had passed away. Buried, no white man knew where.

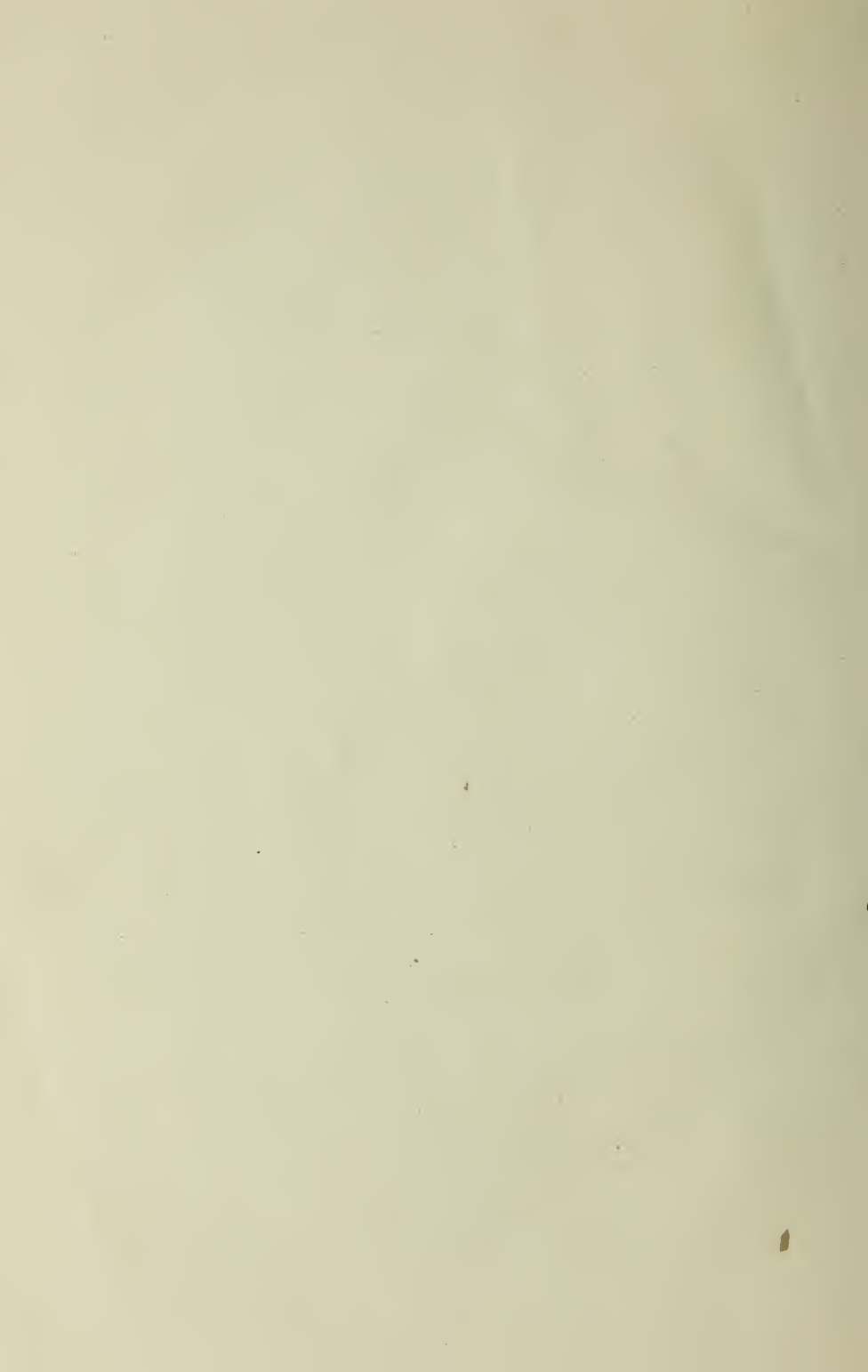
Captain Sam or Pash-ee-pa-ho now led the band, and Charles H. Shelton, of Wakeman, Huron county, teaching school near by, dismissed their school to go down and see an army officer and force of cavalry take Captain Sam and lift him by force with others into a wagon and take for the last time the poor Indian from his legal home to a new one where for a year guard was kept over them. And all these fifteen years the Government allowed them no annuities that stayed in Kansas, though the chief afterwards put in a claim of some \$77,000.

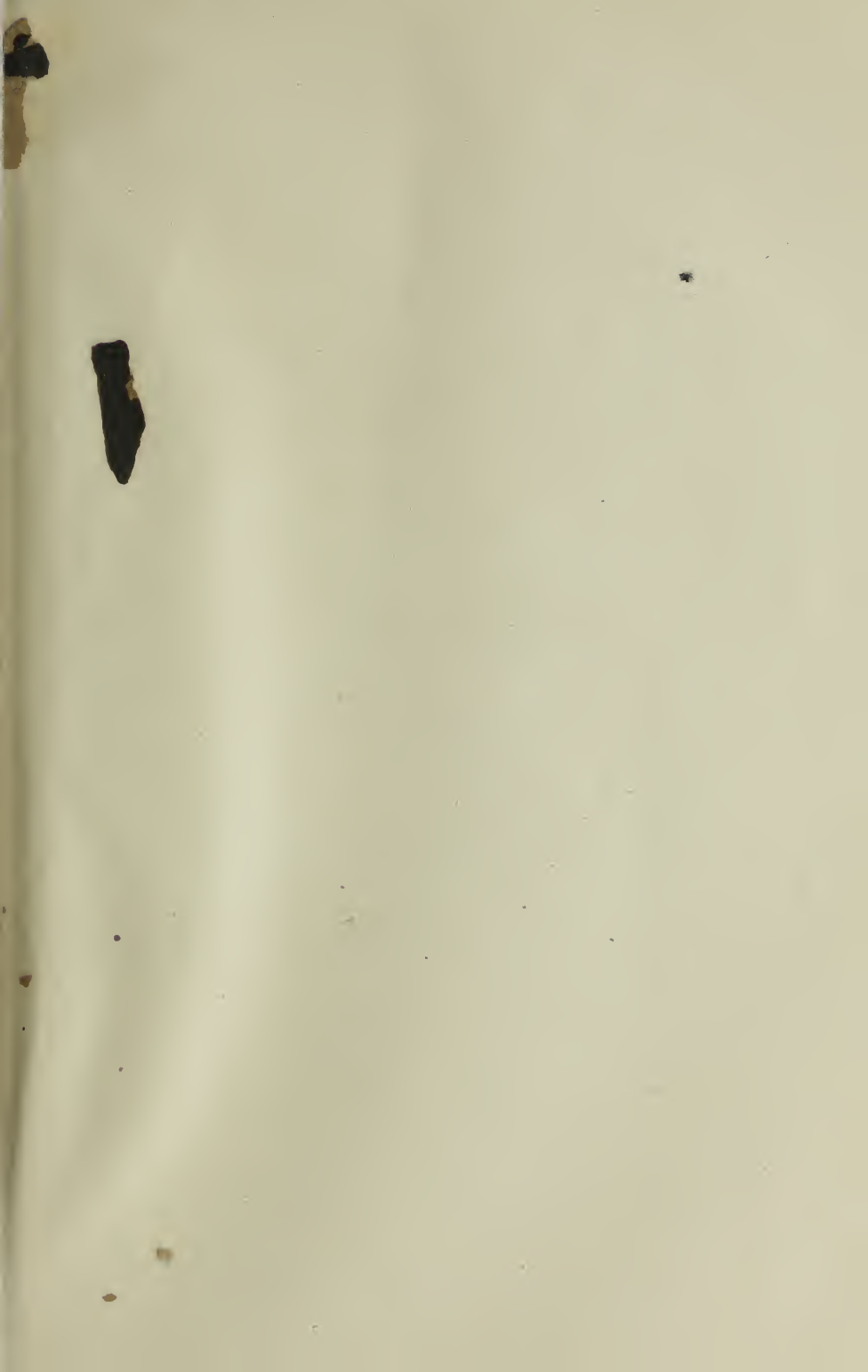
Governor John Chambers, of Iowa, acting for the United States in a treaty with the Sac and Fox country of central Iowa, October 11, 1842, wherein they ceded it to the United States for something over a million dollars, uses in the conclusion this language: "The President shall assign a tract on the Missouri river or some of its waters which is to be a perpetual residence for them and their descendants." A tract twenty by thirty miles on the head waters of the Osage river was assigned. This old reserve now constitutes a part of Osage and Franklin counties, Kansas. Many of the settlers on the Sac and Fox lands of Iowa in the 40's came here and settled on these lands in the 60's. The settlers of Huron and Erie counties, Ohio, never will have to feel that the Indian title to their lands was got by fraud and rascality. Let us think kindly of old Quenemo and his descendants.

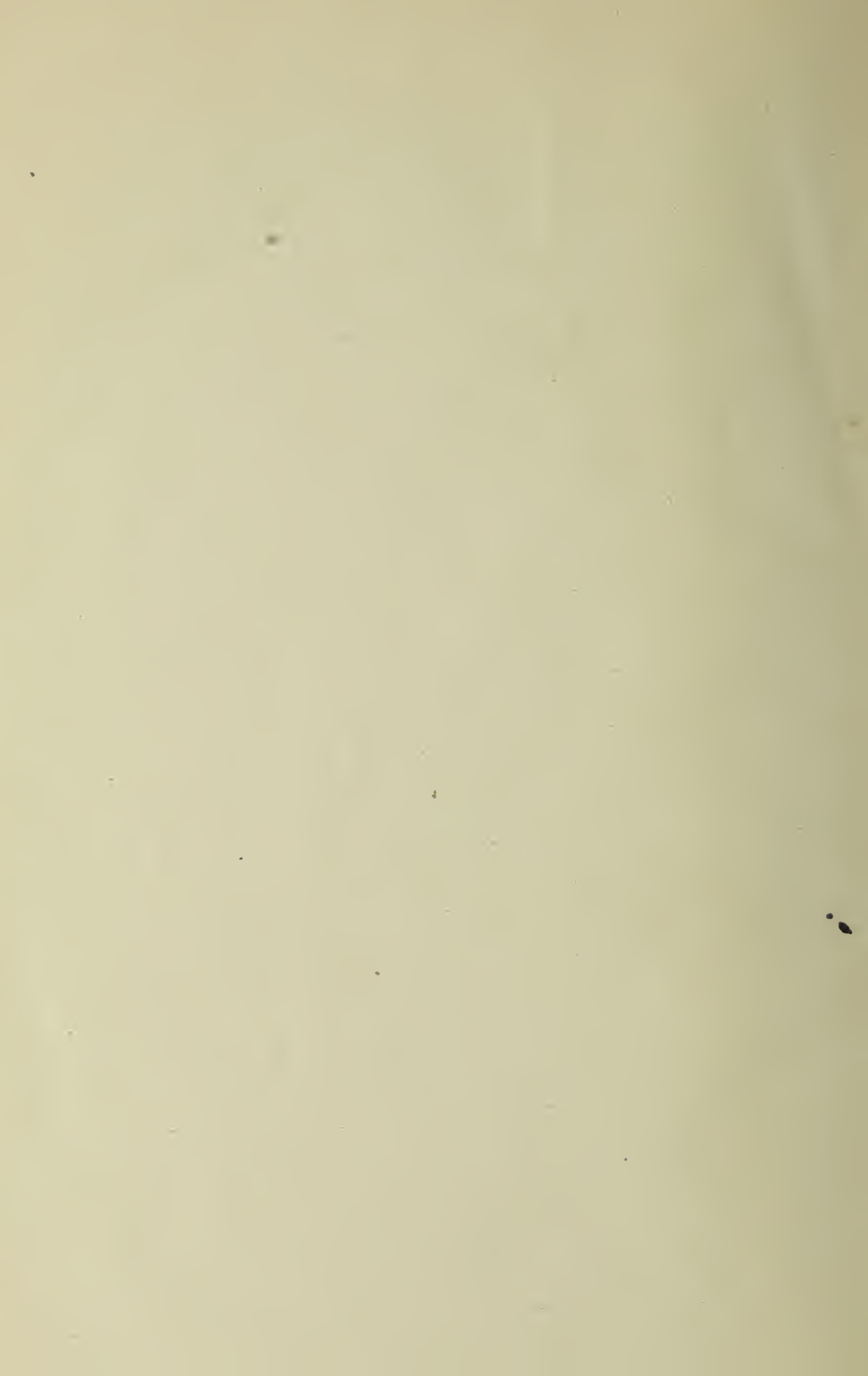
CHARLES R. GREEN,

February 22, 1905.

Lyndon, Kansas.









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